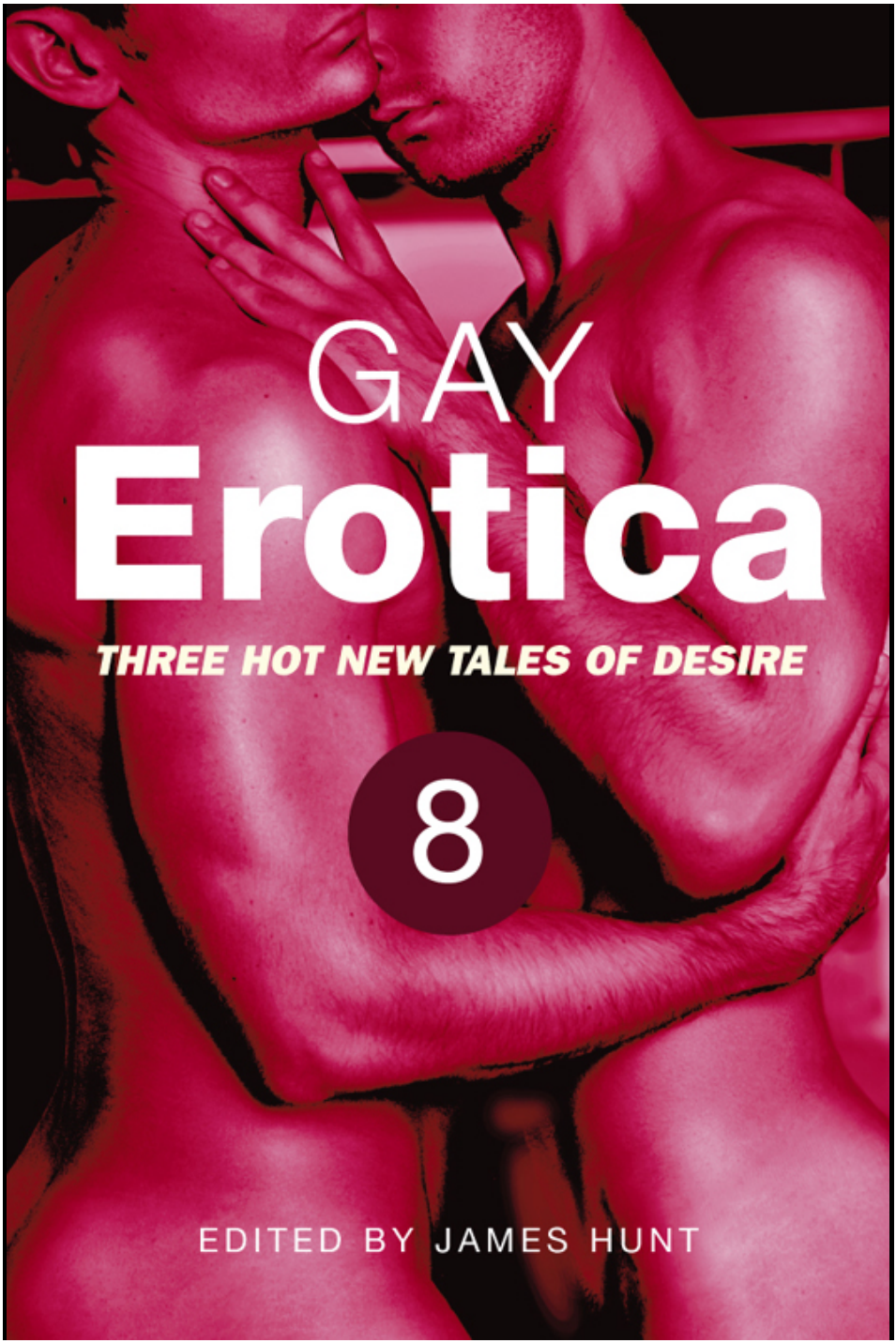
GAY
Erotica
THREE HOT NEW TALES OF DESIRE
8
EDITED BY JAMES HUNT

Gay
EROTICA

Volume 8

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Gay EROTICA

Volume 8

Edited by
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GOOD COP, BAD COP

Michael Blake

It would have all been so different if Evan hadn't decided to work late that night. It wasn't as though the pile of paperwork on his desk was particularly urgent: he just wanted to get it all out of the way before he left for the weekend. And with the rest of the guys in the department enjoying a Friday night pint or two in the pub over the road, the office was quiet enough that he could get on with things undisturbed. He'd promised Phil, his boss, that he'd join them all for a drink once he'd finished, but as he stepped out of the lift and crossed the lobby, heading for the street outside, he knew the only place he wanted to be was in his own home.

The thought of a hot shower appealed, as did a glass of the twelve-year-old malt sitting in his drinks cabinet. But what he wanted to do most of all when he got in was sit down and watch the new DVD he'd treated himself to. The package had arrived in the post that morning; Evan wondered what the postman who'd pushed it through his letterbox would have said if he knew he'd just delivered a copy of *Studs in Uniform Volume 3*. All Evan's favorite kinks were contained on that disk: big, well-hung guys dressed as policemen, soldiers and security guards dominating other men, forcing them to strip and submit, spanking and fucking them, usually before coming in their faces or over their well-used arseholes. The scenarios appealed to Evan's innately submissive nature, and he was looking forward to watching the DVD with his cock in his hand, wanking as he dreamed that one day it might be him who was so willingly used and abused by some strong, uniformed hunk.

So wrapped up was he in thoughts of being pushed down onto his knees to suck the freakishly large cock of some dominant cop that he didn't hear the voice behind him at first.

"I said" – the words came louder, clearer, accompanied by the feel of something jabbing him in the ribs – "hand over your wallet, dickhead."

Evan looked over his shoulder, and found himself staring into the pale, rat-featured face of a skinny youth who couldn't have been much older than eighteen. The hood of the lad's black sweatshirt was pulled up over his head, but Evan still caught a glimpse of a sharp nose, sallow cheeks and dark eyes that burned with hatred.

Although his usual shortcut from the office to the Tube led him through a maze of dark, run-down streets awaiting the redevelopment that was slowly spreading out across Shoreditch, Evan had never felt any danger. There were always people bustling around, always lights blazing from passing cars. But not tonight. Somehow, he'd managed to turn down an unfamiliar alleyway, where he saw no one but his

would-be mugger. He knew that even if he called for help, it was highly unlikely to arrive.

"Come on, stop shitting me about and give me your wallet."

Again, Evan felt the jabbing at his ribs, the point of something pressing against his skin through the layers of clothing. With a sick jolt, he realized the lad had a knife. He didn't doubt that unless he did as he was told, his assailant would have no compunction about using it on him.

He was reaching into his pocket, wondering how much cash he stood to lose and how quickly he could cancel all his bank cards once he got home, when the mugger took a sudden step back, then a second, before bolting down the street. Wondering what had caused the lad to take fright, Evan was taken aback to see a uniformed policeman running in the same direction the mugger had taken.

"Everything all right there, sir?"

Evan turned in the direction of the voice. Looking round, he saw a second policeman staring at him with concern.

"I . . . He tried to take my wallet, but . . ."

"Looks like you've had a lucky escape, sir."

His earlier fantasies couldn't help but come flooding back to him as Evan regarded his unexpected rescuer. The man must have stood a good six foot six, with the breadth of shoulder to balance out his frame, which was bulked out still further by the fluorescent jacket he wore over his dark uniform. Beneath that uniform, Evan was sure, the man was pure muscle, honed to deal with any situation, no matter how dangerous.

"Thanks, Officer. You turned up just in time."

"You ought to be more careful. If you're going to walk around here at this time of night, stick to the main roads in future."

"Yes, sir." Evan's tone was deferential. He'd earned a ticking-off; in his fantasies, he'd have earned so much more.

"And I also think you ought to thank me nicely for turning up when I did. You could have been in a very sticky situation if it wasn't for me."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"I need more in the way of gratitude than that. Get on your knees." The policeman's tone was sharp.

At first Evan thought he'd misheard. Surely the man couldn't want him to get down on the floor of this filthy alleyway? "I . . . I don't . . ."

"Do as you're told."

How many times had Evan fantasized about being addressed in such a way, and by a man in uniform just like this one? Even as he sank obediently to the dirty pavement, he couldn't help thinking he'd somehow fallen asleep at his desk and this was all some deliciously filthy dream.

The sound of the policeman pulling down the zip of his uniform trousers convinced him otherwise. He looked up to see the man bringing his cock out into the cool evening air, its thick length already swollen.

"Suck."

Evan found the fat crown of the policeman's cock being presented to his lips. In the moment when he swallowed it, just as he'd been instructed, he wondered what had happened to the second officer.

His question was answered by a voice somewhere to his left. "I lost the toerag,

Joe. I chased him as far as the High Street, but he got away."

"Don't worry about it, Pete. I'm sure our new friend here will thank you for your efforts anyway, won't you?" The officer who'd been addressed as Joe caught hold of Evan's hair, raising him up off his cock. "Thank him."

"I'm very grateful that you tried to catch the man who almost stole my wallet, sir," Evan responded. He hadn't had much of a look at the second officer when he'd gone racing past in forlorn pursuit of the mugger, but now Evan saw that he was a few inches shorter than his companion, with skin the colour of bitter chocolate and a strongly sculpted profile.

He was anxious to resume the task of sucking the hot chunk of man-flesh he'd been wrenched so abruptly away from. Not once had he thought the appearance of the second policeman would put an end to this bizarre scene; he was fairly sure the two worked as some kind of "good cop, bad cop" team to slake their erotic appetites, and it wasn't the first time they'd had some willing member of the public at their mercy.

"Good. Now get my cock nice and wet. That way it'll slide up your arsehole easily."

Evan moaned around the shaft in his mouth at the thought of taking so much thick meat in his arsehole. He wasn't a virgin, by any means, but this was the biggest cock he'd ever had the pleasure of experiencing, and he knew it would stretch him wide. For now, he contented himself with slurping all the way along his temporary master's length, right down to the root, letting it slip from his lips so he could nuzzle in the man's pubic hair, breathing in the scent of a crotch that had spent all day wrapped in uniform trousers, and was enticingly ripe as a result.

Growing bolder, Evan took first one, then the other of the policeman's balls in his mouth, gently sucking.

"Shit, you're good. Pete, you really need to have a piece of this."

Another zip came down, and within moments a beautiful black cock was being prodded towards Evan's lips. This one was easily as long as the first, if not quite as thick, with a hefty foreskin that had been pushed all the way back to expose the glistening red head within. Evan licked it just as eagerly as its companion, alternating from one cock to the other as his tongue worked tirelessly to please the two men.

Growing anxious for some satisfaction of his own, he snaked a hand down to rub his own cock through his trousers.

"That's enough of that," the first officer, who he thought was definitely the more dominant of the two, snapped. He jerked his cock from Evan's mouth and reached down to slap Evan's hand away. "Do it again and I'll cuff your wrists."

Evan groaned, not wanting to let either man know how close that image came to those that haunted his darkest, most exciting fantasies. He didn't have the chance to do anything further before the two officers had hauled him to his feet and set about the task of stripping him. In moments, his jacket and shirt had been unceremoniously removed, and his trousers and boxer shorts hauled down round his ankles, leaving him as good as naked. He'd never been so exposed in a public place before, while the men who were about to fuck him hadn't removed a stitch of clothing, and he was glad no one else was around to witness the humiliation that had his cock surging up even harder than before.

They'd bared his arse, and now they were going to ravage it, both of them. He didn't have any choice in the matter and, in truth, he didn't want any.

"OK, up against the wall, palms flat, and spread your legs as wide as they'll go."

It wasn't easy, not with his clothing acting as an effective hobble, meaning he could only get his legs as far apart as the waistband of his boxers would admit. But the thought that he was restrained, if only by own underwear, was an undeniably arousing one. Here he was, waiting submissively for these two big police officers to use him in whatever way they wanted, and he'd never been so turned on in his life.

Would they flip a coin to decide who and in what order they fucked him, or would Joe, by common consent the leader of the pair, simply assert his right to be first? Maybe it would be more exciting if he didn't know.

Fingers caressed his cheek, black and slender, and he knew it was Pete who stood behind him. Evan wanted to turn his head, to take in the sight of this gorgeous policeman as he guided his cock into position, but something compelled him simply to wait, every sinew straining in anticipation.

He heard the officer spit on his fingers, using the saliva to grease Evan's tight ring, gradually easing inside to open him up. The feeling of being so rudely fingered sent sharp bolts of pleasure shooting up from the base of Evan's cock and he wondered how much of this treatment he'd be able to take before he shot his load.

All too soon, the fingers were pulled out, leaving him in need of more. He didn't have to wait long. Something hot and hard nudged at the entrance to his arse, and he braced himself. He was entered with one hard, assured thrust that had him rising up on his toes as he found himself impaled on the policeman's cock.

"Mm, so nice and tight," the deep voice purred in his ear. "If only you could see how good you look with my big black cock buried in your cute white arse."

Soon, he was being fucked with steady, remorseless strokes, his rear passage as full of cock as it had ever been. Every thrust pushed him against the wall, the brickwork rough against the sensitive head of his dick. He whimpered and begged for more, lost in the ecstasy of being so expertly fucked. "Hey, leave some of that for me," Evan heard the other officer say.

"Sure thing."

They swapped places, Evan noticing a difference in fucking style immediately. These strokes were rougher, more frantic. Even so, they still had him on the verge of orgasm in moments.

"Need to come," he moaned, grinding himself back hard against the invading cock.

"Not until we say so."

Now this cock was withdrawn, and he was pushed down to his knees. The lights and bustle of the bars and clubs on the High Street seemed a thousand miles away, Evan's world reduced to the semicircle the two policemen formed in front of him as they wanked their cocks in unison. So dominant, so ruthless, they were everything he'd dreamed about for so long, and now they were about to inflict the ultimate in delicious humiliation on him.

Without being asked, he raised his face to accept the spunk that shot out from the end of their dicks, landing on his cheeks and chin and marking him as theirs.

"Now bring yourself off," the first officer ordered, once he'd recovered his breath. While the two men watched, Evan took hold of his shaft, using the fingers of his other hand to roll and caress his balls as he wanked. Overloaded with stimulation, it took less than a dozen strokes before he was coming, seed oozing out over his fingers.

Once it was all over, the two officers were courtesy itself. They helped Evan to his feet, aided him as he dressed. Pete, who he'd decided was definitely the "good" half of this wickedly dominant pair, even used a handkerchief to wipe his face clean of the last sticky traces of come.

"Let us escort you to the Tube station," he said. "It's the least we can do."

As he walked, flanked by a large policeman on either side, Evan wondered whether any of the people they passed had the least idea that only a few moments ago the three of them had been engaged in the hottest, filthiest sexual encounter of his life.

They bade him goodnight at the station. "Now," Joe said, "you will be more careful about your personal safety in future, won't you, sir?"

"Of course, Officer," Evan replied, "and thank you once again for everything you've done for me."

With a grin, he passed through the ticket barriers, knowing he'd be eternally grateful to these two boys in blue for coming in his hour of need.

DETOUR

E. C. Cutler

The hitchhiker appeared out of nowhere. One minute Ross was cruising along at fifty-five, head full of idle daydreams, the next the guy was standing by the side of the road, thumb stuck straight out in the universal gesture that meant "I need a lift."

Ross almost thought he'd dreamed up the stranger as some kind of diversion from the tedious task of driving. It wouldn't have been surprising. After all, he found the best way to make the monotonous miles between Phoenix and Vegas pass by as quickly as possible was to indulge in a little fantasy, thinking back on some of the erotic encounters he'd enjoyed on his previous visits to Sin City. The last time he'd been there, six months ago, he'd had one of the wildest nights of his life, hooking up with not one but two of the male backing dancers for the eighties disco diva who performed her greatest hits every night at the Mirage. He'd never even learned their names, but they'd both been stunning: one dark-haired, with olive-toned skin and a neat goatee, the other a tall Nordic blond. He could still recall how it felt to have both of them working on him at the same time, their lean, supple bodies able to twist and turn into positions he'd never dreamed possible as they sucked his cock and nibbled on his hard little nipples. At last, he'd found himself skewered between the pair, one thick dick in his mouth and another buried to the hilt in his asshole, as full as he had ever been of rock-hard, unrelenting man-flesh. They'd brought him to the brink of orgasm time and again, before finally pushing him over the edge with a series of forceful cock thrusts as expertly choreographed as any of their dance routines, leaving him drained but more satisfied than he'd ever been in his life. That show had closed now, he'd been disappointed to see when he checked the listings before booking his hotel for this trip, but maybe the dancers would be working in the chorus line of its replacement, and willing to give him a repeat performance.

That unforgettable night was still on his mind as Ross pulled the car to a halt on the blacktop, a little way ahead of the hitcher. The guy took a moment to register that Ross had actually stopped for him, then dashed toward the soft-top Chevy, his hefty backpack bouncing as he ran.

He put his head through the half-open window on the passenger side, smiling in gratitude at Ross. "Thanks, man, I thought I was going to be standing there all day."

Ross found himself staring into eyes as blue as Lake Mead on a summer's day. A dimple winked appealingly in the hitch-hiker's left cheek as he smiled, and his blond curls were ruffled by the light breeze. He couldn't have been more than twenty, half Ross's age and hardly old enough to be out in the world alone. Ross wondered how circumstances had brought him to beg for a lift in the middle of nowhere. For all he

knew, the guy could be running away from home. He wouldn't be the first to be seduced by the bright lights of Vegas and the promise of a new life in a city that offered so many opportunities if you were young and good-looking.

And this guy wasn't just good-looking: he was a grade-A hunk. There was no getting away from the fact. Already roused by memories of the two gorgeous dancers, Ross's cock twitched and stiffened a little more, and he shifted in his seat, not wanting the hitcher to spot the growing bulge in his pants.

"I don't know where you're heading, but I can take you as far as Vegas," Ross said.

"That's exactly where I need to go," the hitchhiker replied. "I'm Brady, by the way."

"Ross. Hop in."

Brady did as he was instructed, tossing his backpack into the back of the Chevy before climbing into the front passenger seat. Waiting until there was a break in the traffic, Ross flipped the indicator and pulled out, back on to the highway.

"So what takes you to Vegas, Brady?" Ross asked, keen to learn more about his traveling companion.

"I'm off to visit a friend who lives there. How about you?"

"Oh, I was owed a few days' vacation, and Vegas is one of my favorite party spots. You ever been there before?"

Brady nodded. "I love the place."

"So do I. Whatever you're looking for, you can usually find." Again visions of the two hot, naked dancers swam in Ross's mind.

"I wouldn't usually have hitched a ride," Brady confessed, "but money's tight. You know how it is. And I know people say hitching is dangerous, that you might find yourself accepting a ride from a maniac with an axe in his trunk, or some guy who'll demand sex in return for a ride—"

"Well, you don't have to worry about anything like that where I'm concerned," Ross replied quickly, even as he pictured Brady sprawled over the hood of his Chevy, jeans and underwear down round his ankles, his tight young ass primed and ready for Ross to plunder with his dick. "I don't have any dishonorable intentions toward you, I promise."

"That's a shame, because I was really hoping you did." Brady let his hand settle high up on Ross's thigh. He only had to move it a couple of inches and he'd be able to feel the heated bar of Ross's cock through the fabric of his pants, and know all his words about not wanting sex with the young hitchhiker were lies.

A truck stop loomed in the distance. Brady's hand moved a little higher, resting solidly on Ross's bulge. "What say we make a little detour, Ross?" he asked.

Ross licked suddenly dry lips, unable to deny his overwhelming need for his horny passenger any longer. "OK. You're on."

He took the exit for the truck stop and parked the Chevy between two big eighteen-wheelers whose shelter, he hoped, would offer them enough privacy for what was about to happen. By now, his cock was so hard it ached, desperate to find relief between Brady's sculpted lips – or, better yet, in the snug grip of his asshole.

No sooner was the engine off than they were in each other's arms, swapping hot, sloppy kisses. Brady couldn't have shaved that morning, for the light stubble on his cheeks prickled against Ross's skin. The young hitchhiker smelled of the sweat that came from traveling in the morning's heat. Mingled with his own musk, growing

stronger as he peeled off his white T-shirt, it was a scent Ross found compulsive, intoxicating.

He cast an admiring glance at Brady's broad, hairless chest, found himself wondering how it would feel to take the tight pink disks of the guy's nipples into his mouth, sucking and teasing them with the point of his tongue.

"Come on, Ross," Brady urged, "let's take this outside." He climbed out of the car and beckoned for Ross to do the same. Even in the shade offered by the trucks flanking them, Ross could feel the heat of the day.

Now they were both standing, Ross could see how the faded denim of Brady's jeans was molded to the outline of his cock. It looked sizable, nearly as big as his own, and he was anxious for Brady to reveal it to his greedy gaze.

Brady had other ideas. "OK, Ross, strip for me."

Even though no one could possibly be passing by close enough to hear the order Brady had just issued, Ross couldn't help but look round. "What . . . what if someone sees me?"

"They won't. And if they do, well, I reckon you'll probably get off on it. Come on, take it all off."

Ross didn't protest again. Brady was right: though he couldn't admit it, even to himself, the thought of being seen out here naked, cock hard and proud, turned him on more than he could have believed. With clumsy fingers, he unbuttoned his shirt and dropped it on the hood of his soft-top. The T-shirt he wore beneath it followed.

"That's some tattoo you have there," Brady commented, looking directly at the black, leaping panther inked on the upper part of Ross's left arm.

"Yeah, I've had it since I was about your age," Ross said. "Waited till I moved away from home, so my parents couldn't try and talk me out of it, but I've never regretted it."

He was letting his mouth run away with him, delaying the moment when he'd have to take off the rest of his clothes, and they both knew it. Brady fixed him with a look, stern and surprisingly dominant, and something in Ross responded to it. After unbuckling his belt and popping open his fly buttons, he eased his tight black pants down and off. All he wore now were his scuffed leather boots and white briefs, now damp at the front with a visible spot of pre-come.

"Those too, Ross."

Taking a breath, Ross peeled off his briefs, baring himself completely to Brady's appraising gaze. His cock reared up, and he couldn't prevent a satisfied grin at the gasp that escaped from Brady.

"Fuck, you're big," Brady murmured. "Got to get my hands on that."

He was as good as his word, stepping forward and spitting into his palm before wrapping his fingers round Ross's thick shaft. The spit acted to grease his movements, pumping slowly back and forth till Ross strained on his toes, knowing any more of Brady's wanking would bring him dangerously close to losing his load.

Just in time, Brady let Ross's cock slip from his grasp. "Turn round," he ordered Ross, "and put your hands behind your back."

Without thinking, Ross did as he was told. Before he knew what was happening, his own belt had been wrapped round his wrists a couple of times and fastened securely. Panic gripped him as he realized he was now bound as well as naked, unable to prevent Brady doing whatever he wanted. Was this all some plot by the guy to render him helpless before stealing his car?

As if he'd read his mind, Brady whispered in his ear, "Don't worry, Ross. You're quite safe. I won't do anything you don't want me to. And I'm not going to leave you like this. You're still my ride out of here."

"But . . ." Ross looked over his shoulder at Brady's grinning face.

"That's the other reason why I was hitching. I can't drive. Now, bend over for me."

Ross did, feeling the hot metal of the Chevy's hood against his bare skin. A grating noise behind him let him know Brady's zipper was coming down. Almost before he'd had time to get used to the fact he was about to get his butt fucked by this horny hitchhiker, he felt Brady's spit-slick fingers pressing at his tight hole.

Brady took a few moments to loosen up Ross's asshole, pushing two slim fingers gently in and out as he kept telling Ross how gorgeous his ass was, and how he couldn't wait to have his cock buried all the way up there. Just the feeling of those steadily fucking digits was enough to have Ross starting the climb to orgasm all over again, so by the time Brady pulled out his fingers and replaced them with the fat plum head of his dick, Ross was on the verge of shooting his seed.

Slowly, surely, Brady ploughed into Ross's dark furrow, the sensation so good it was all Ross could do not to scream his pleasure out loud. Every thrust of Brady's hips pushed Ross against the hood of the car and made him gasp and groan. Ross lamented the fact that, with his hands tied, he couldn't reach down to tug at his own cock, then the pace of the fucking increased, leaving him blind to everything but his own need to come.

With a muffled curse, he lost control, spunk pumping out in thick strands, which landed on the Chevy's hood. His asshole tightened around Brady's shaft, clenching repeatedly. Brady's reaction was explosive, as Ross's ass milked the come from him.

At last, Brady pulled out, panting and clearly spent. "Fuck man, that was so good," he muttered, as he untied the belt from around Ross's wrists.

Yes, Ross thought, as they shared one final embrace. Well worth the detour.

Dressed and respectable once more, they got coffee and doughnuts from the truck stop diner, taking them back out to the car so they could be on their way. Vegas was less than an hour's drive now, and Ross couldn't help feeling slightly sad that once they reached the Strip, they'd be going their separate ways.

"Maybe we can hook up again before your vacation is over," Brady suggested as they drove. He snatched up Ross's cellphone from where it lay on the dashboard, called up the address book function and quickly tapped in a sequence of numbers. "That's my number. Call me any time."

"But don't you have plans with your friend in Vegas?"

"Sure. But Jay works most evenings. He's a dancer at the Mirage. And I didn't tell you the whole truth. You see, he's more than just a friend. We've been seeing each other for about a year now."

"Won't he be mad if he finds out that you and I . . .?"

Brady shook his head, breaking off a piece of doughnut and popping it into Ross's mouth. "We're not exclusive, and we really don't mind if either of us plays around with a cute tourist. Just like he did a few months ago. He told me he and one of the dancers in the show he was working in got together with this hot older guy one night. He never found out the guy's name, but Jay said he'd always remember him. You see, he had this really distinctive tattoo of a panther, just about here . . ." As Brady spoke, he traced the tattoo on Ross's left arm, the one he'd admired so much when

they'd first stripped. "He told me if he ever bumped into the guy again, he wouldn't mind picking up where he left off. Another threesome, only this time he'd like it to be me, him and Mr Panther . . ."

Ross smiled, thinking about this strangest of coincidences. How could Brady have known that the driver who'd been kind enough to stop and offer him a lift already had history with his boyfriend in Vegas? And yet fate had somehow brought them together, as though it was ordained in the stars that they should meet.

So had Jay been the blond dancer, or the guy with the goatee? Ross wondered. As Brady began to talk about all the things three horny guys could do together, he reckoned he'd be finding out soon enough.

THE ULTIMATE SEX TOY

Julian Benedict

Jesse Starling looked up from filing Forest Service employee time cards and saw that Rick Prentice had come in to use the copier. The veteran ranger was over six feet, lean with rock-hard muscle. He kept his thick dark hair neatly trimmed and his ruggedly handsome face clean-shaven. The man's warm brown eyes locked into Jesse's and he smiled. When the man looked at him like that Jesse almost creamed his pants. Christ, that guy was hot!

Rick collected his copies, glanced at Jesse again and was gone. Every hot chick in the Forest Service building had come on to him with zero success. Yet Rick was always giving Jesse those looks. Jesse's rampant thoughts gave him such a hard-on he had to get some relief. Holding a folder in front of him, he hurried off to the restroom and locked himself in a stall. He unzipped his fly, prized his rock-hard cock out of his pants and closed his eyes. Cupping his balls in one hand, he jacked himself slowly with the other. Shit, he couldn't even think about that man without having to jack off. He imagined himself on his knees, with Rick Prentice sliding a big greased dick into him, giving it to him good, thrusting deep, faster, harder . . . burying that big cock in his tight ass. Oh fuck! The man was biting into his shoulder, fucking him hard, groaning . . . Oh! Oh! Jesus! Jesse shot hard, spunk splatting the back of the toilet, the toilet seat, the floor. He leaned against the wall to hold himself up. Holy shit!

Jesse Starling was a rookie ranger in training and his time was divided between working in the HR office and going out with a ranger when one was available. His fondest dream was to be assigned to Rick Prentice for a trek into the mountainous Arapahoe Forest.

Two days later Jesse's supervisor informed him that Rick Prentice had requested him. He couldn't believe it. The man had actually asked for him.

In the passenger seat of Prentice's service truck, Jesse felt timid. He breathed in Rick's fragrant soap and masculine scent, as the man skillfully navigated the winding mountain roads. Smiling at Jesse, Rick made frequent eye contact, pointing out roadside parks and camping areas. Damn, the guy had eyes like liquid chocolate.

They'd been on the road for over two hours just talking away, and Jesse already felt like he'd known the man forever. Rick had a way of making him feel so at ease. At times, his friendliness even bordered on flirting. Damn! This explained those looks the man had been giving him. As Rick talked, Jesse's lusting eyes feasted on the man's edible mouth, imagining those soft, full lips on his, or wrapped around his stiff cock. Holy shit!

“Let me check this guy’s permit,” Rick said, making a hard left into a camp ground. It was early November and this time of year campers were sparse. He pulled up to the camper-shelled pickup, stepped out of the service truck and strolled over to where the man was unloading things out of his cab. A thin, pale woman slid out of the truck on the passenger side.

Lord, Rick’s fine ass looked good in those snug uniform pants. The camper dude broke out in a big grin when Rick approached him. Or was that a leer? It was. The fucker was ogling him.

Jesse sat watching them, trying to hear what they were saying but couldn’t make it out. The guy had taken out his wallet and shown Rick his permit, so that should have been the end of it. Looking forlorn, the woman stood there watching the two men. Jesse didn’t like the dude’s body language – not one fucking bit. That asshole was hitting on Rick. And Rick wasn’t objecting. When Rick offered a farewell handshake the lecherous bastard was reluctant to let go of his hand. And what was he saying? An invitation? Jerk!

Rick threw his long leg up in the truck, sprang into his seat and turned the ignition in one smooth motion. He was graceful as a cat. Without looking at Jesse, he wheeled out of the park onto the road.

Jesse wished he could keep his mouth shut – but he couldn’t. “You think that woman knows her husband’s gay?” he muttered, giving Rick a sideways glance.

Rick looked straight ahead. “You think he is?”

The question pissed the hell out of Jesse. Like Rick didn’t know. Trying for casual, he said, “Pretty damn ballsy of the guy, coming on to you like that, with his wife standing there.” Well crap, could he have sounded more like a jealous lover?

When he looked up, Rick was staring at him, a hint of amusement in the corners of his sensual mouth. “She’s probably accustomed to it.”

The jerk! He knew that guy was hitting on him! And now Rick knows I want him, Jesse thought. He could feel himself blushing to the roots of his russet curls. God, he was a dumbass!

Rick gave him a gentle smile. “The guy was a creep,” he said.

They were in heavy forest, about seven thousand feet up. They’d set up camp in a park and cooked their bratwurst and potatoes on an enclosed grate. Christ, it was getting cold. Jesse hoped his newly issued sleeping bag would be warm enough. They’d pitched a tent, but evidently Rick was going to sleep outside by the fire. Not wanting to look like a wuss, Jesse unrolled his bag, shed his bulky jacket and zipped himself in.

“You OK, babe?” Rick asked, and he half-heartedly concurred, wishing Rick would come on to him. The cold had worn him down and he was tired and grumpy. Shit. Covering his head with his coat, he was soon asleep.

Jesse was trudging buck naked through deep snow. A whistling, icy wind swirled a blizzard of white around him. Ice crystals stung his face. The numbing cold dragged him out of his sleep. He’d been dreaming – or not.

His coat had blown off his face. His eyelashes were crusted with ice, his lips numb with the cold. Snow was coming down in slanted sheets, his sleeping bag covered in a blanket of white.

“Jesus Christ! Rick! Rick!” Jesse felt like he was frozen stiff.

“What! Oh, crap,” Rick growled, his voice hoarse with sleep. “Jesse, get over

here." He shed his sleeping bag and unzipped the tent door. "Hurry, get in here!"

Jesse was shuddering so hard he could barely function.

Rick shook out his bag and pushed Jesse toward the tent. "Get in there," he ordered. *Fuck this shit.* Jesse was a slender, small-boned guy and though he was well toned he didn't have the stamina for this brutal crap. Rick lit a lantern filling the tent with a flickering light, then rolled Jesse's bag up.

"What are you d-d-doing?" Jesse chattered.

"Get in my bag, Jesse."

"Where are you . . .?"

Opening it up, Rick said, "Lie down here; there's plenty of room. No, wait. Get those frozen trousers off." He was busy pulling Jesse's boots off, unzipping his fly. Jesse was too frozen to help him. Rick dropped down on the bag and in seconds was beside him. After zipping the bag up, Rick wrapped his big arms around him and spooned Jesse into him. The man, wearing only his briefs, was like a furnace.

"Jesus, Jesse, much longer and you would have been a rookie popsicle. You're like ice."

"How can it be so warm in here?" Jesse quaked, shivering against Rick.

"The bag is battery-powered. It can put out heat for hours nonstop. I run it just long enough to get it warm, so it lasts a long time." He was rubbing his strong hands up and down Jesse's thighs and arms, thawing him.

"Why didn't they issue me one of those?" Jesse pouted.

"This is my personal equipment, and if you had one you wouldn't be in here with me now, would you?" Rick chuckled.

Sweet Jesus, the man wanted him in his sleeping bag. Jesse's cock jerked, heat flooding his groin. This incredibly sexy ranger was his hottest fantasy, but if Rick wasn't going to make a move on him he had to jerk off. He eased his hand down to his groin, rubbing his stiff cock. God, he needed release.

"Go to sleep, Jesse," Rick whispered, pulling him close.

Go to sleep! Was the man crazy? Jesse could feel something big, stiff and hot pressed against his cold ass. Christ, he wanted that. This was torture. If he could only come, he could fall asleep in this man's arms, maybe. Carefully, he squeezed his cock, jacking it slowly, trying to be discreet. Damnit, he needed to pump it harder, he was dribbling. He stifled a groan. That hot cock pressed against his ass was driving him crazy. Instinctively, he pushed his ass back against Rick's groin. Shit, he hadn't meant to do that! He jerked his cock faster. If he could just get off. He was so close.

"Jesse," Rick crooned in his ear. "You got a problem, babe?" Rick reached over him and slipped his big hand around Jesse's busy fist, cock and all. Jesse gasped and whimpered. Rick was toying with him.

"You can't sleep like that, baby. Let me help you." He gently squeezed Jesse's throbbing cock. Jesse was panting, quivering with need.

"Turn over, baby," Rick whispered. "Let me take care of you." Rick turned him onto his back and leaned down, planting a hot, wet kiss on Jesse's open mouth, the tip of his tongue playfully toying with Jesse's. "Want me to fuck you, baby?"

"You want to?" Jesse croaked.

"Do I want to? My God, Jesse, I've wanted to bury my cock in that gorgeous little bubble ass ever since the first time I saw you – you luscious little shit." Rick was hungrily kissing him again, his hand digging into a pocket in his sleeping bag. God, Jesse hadn't known. He wanted this man so bad!

His breath harsh with urgency, Rick was fumbling with something, muttering inarticulate sounds. One hand gripped Jesse's aching cock as the other progressed down between Jesse's thighs, caressing his balls. Rick's exciting mouth scattered kisses and licks along Jesse's throat, and down his shoulder; his fingers lightly brushed across Jesse's pucker, eliciting a gasp and eager jerk of Jesse's hips. Rick's hot mouth nibbled and licked down Jesse's collarbone and bit down on a taut nipple, then sucked so hard it burned. Jesse cried out, his rigid cock thrusting urgently into Rick's fist.

"Oh, God," he cried, when Rick's greased fingers fluttered over his hole. A guttural "Please . . ." escaped him, his body shuddering with need.

"Please what?" Rick growled. Hot bastard was making him say it.

"Fuck me, goddamnit!"

"Whoa, baby. Soon, all right?" Rick murmured against his cheek, and Jesse could feel him smiling. "Jesus, you're a sexy little shit."

A slick finger gently breached Jesse's hole, pushing in, working around inside. Oh, fuck, that felt good! Another big finger slid in beside the first, the two scissoring out, stretching him as they pushed in deeper. Rick touched something that made Jesse, cry out, "Oh, God, Rick, pleeease!"

"Shhh, baby, soon." A third finger worked its way in, stretching, burning, and began to slide in and out, lubing him generously. "You're so tight, love. Don't want to hurt you," Rick whispered. "And once I drive my cock into you, I'll be too far gone to stop."

That warning only drove Jesse crazier. "Good, hurry!"

Rick's fingers eased out and Jesse heard the ripping of a condom package. Wide-eyed, he watched Rick roll the condom onto that big meaty cock, and then skim his greased hand over the thick shaft. Jesus, it was so big.

"I've never taken one that big," Jesse murmured. "What if I can't?"

"Shhh, it's all right," Rick growled, getting between Jesse's thighs and lifting a leg over his shoulder. Rick's eyes were afire with a fierce passion. Finding its mark, the engorged cock pushed in. With a grunt, Rick pushed harder, gripping Jesse's firm little ass to him, his dark eyes wild. Jesse felt the thick crown enter. He sucked in his breath, and Rick, taking advantage, tilted Jesse's hips up and thrust down, grunting like a rutting animal. His engorged cock breached the little ring of muscle, penetrating deep. "Oh, fuck," he growled. "Oh, fuck!"

Jesse choked back a cry as the stab of penetration faded, replaced by a heavy pressure, and a slow swelling of bliss as Rick's hard club slid deeper into him. Now Rick was thrusting in and out, easing up to thrust down again, establishing a deep, smooth rhythm. His fingers dug into Jesse's tight little ass, fucking him with a wanton sexual gusto, making lusty guttural sounds of pleasure.

Jesus Christ, the man was the earthiest, sexiest, bastard Jesse had ever imagined, and the way Rick went at him with such crazed abandon had Jesse on fire. There was something about knowing that the man had him caught like a helpless animal, that Rick was fucking him into the ground, taking what he wanted, that sent electric zingers straight to Jesse's cock. A wail of mindless ecstasy escaped him. Grabbing his rigid cock, he stroked hard, struggling for completion, desperately needing to come.

A big hand grabbed his, jerking it off his throbbing prick. "No!" It was a feral growl. "Not yet! Too fucking good!" Rick was thrusting deep into him, sliding over

his sweet spot again and again, and Jesse was going mad. “Please,” he sobbed, struggling to pump his hips. He was so close. “Damnit, I have to come!” Jesse was frantic. Rick had control of Jesse’s cock, jacking it in his big fist to the rhythm of his deep, smooth thrusts, keeping Jesse on the verge of hysteria, unable to come.

Rick muttered sexy noises in between guttural words like “vise”, “grip”, “so good”, and “oh, fuck!” And then he started speeding up, like he couldn’t help himself. *Thank God!* He was stroking Jesse’s cock faster now, growling, ramming so deep into him, it hurt – *So fuckin’ good!* And Jesse was speeding toward blessed release – and he was coming. “Oh, sweet Jesus! Oh, God!” he screamed. Swell upon swell of bliss coursed through his cock, shooting gushes of spunk all over them. With a bestial growl, Rick stiffened and slammed into him, his great cock jerking, filling Jesse with his heat.

With a couple more weak thrusts, Rick slumped down on Jesse, curling into him like a kid with his teddy bear. His face buried in the crook of Jesse’s shoulder, his hot breaths gradually slowed. He brushed little kisses on Jesse’s throat. *Jeez, what happened to the wild man?*

“Are you all right?” Rick whispered.

“Now you ask me,” Jesse snickered. “I thought you were going to fuck me to death.”

“Shit. I’m sorry, baby. That was so fucking good. I go out of my mind when I’m that hot. I can’t get enough. I wanted to fuck you all night, but it was too good. Did I hurt you?”

“Uh, yeah, that big cock hurt, but it was the best fuck I ever had. When you finally let me come, I shot so hard I thought I was going to pass out.”

Rick threw a leg over him. “Go to sleep, baby.”

The ride home was quiet, too quiet. What was Rick thinking? Jesse hoped what had happened with Rick had not been a one-time thing, but maybe it was. When he let Jesse out at his apartment, he squeezed Jesse’s shoulder, smiled and said, “See ya,” and was gone. *Well, that sucked.*

Jesse was sitting at his desk in HR sorting time cards when a shadow crossed his desk. Someone dropped a time card in front of him. He looked up to say thanks and got a shock. He recognized this guy. He was the dude in the park whose permit Rick had checked.

“You work here,” Jesse said, feeling stupid. Of course the man worked here: he was handing in his time card.

“Third floor,” the man said, grinning at Jesse. “You’re the guy who was with Rick the day he checked my permit.” The guy was still grinning, like he found something amusing. “I saw you glaring at me like you wanted to kick my ass. I guess I know what that was all about.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Jesse said. He felt an instinctive dislike for the bastard. Fucker was right about one thing, though. Jesse had an intense urge to smash his smug face in.

“A word of advice,” the man murmured, like he was about to let Jesse in on some dark secret. “The man is a player – hit and run. Know what I mean? He’ll bop you and then forget who you are.” The guy stared down at him with that smug smirk. “Well shit, looks like I’m too late.” With a self-satisfied chuckle, he turned to walk

away.

"The voice of experience," Jesse yelled. He knew the guy heard him, but he didn't look back. The bastard had done his damage.

He'd had a crush on Rick Prentice as long as he could remember. That dig hurt like hell. Why hadn't Rick mentioned that the man worked here? He hadn't seen Rick since they got back last week. Rangers didn't spend much time at headquarters. But Rick had been all he could think about. What if what the guy said was true? Shit.

Later, Jesse was coming back from the restroom and his heart almost stopped when he saw Rick disappearing into the elevator in conversation with another ranger. Rick didn't see him. So he was back from the field.

Shaking inside, he dropped into his chair. Cathy, in the next cubicle, had a goofy grin on her face, her eyes dreamy.

"Who are you daydreaming about, Cath, Brad Pitt?"

"Better than that," Cathy giggled. "Rick Prentice just popped in here. God, that man is hot!"

Well shit! "What did he want?" Jesse hoped he sounded casual.

"Don't know. He just looked around the office, then turned and left. Jeez, that man is fine."

Jesse's stomach was doing flip-flops. What if Rick was looking for him? He needed to go to the supply room, but Rick could come back, and he'd miss him again. He filed a stack of time sheets and put away a pile of employee folders. Crap. He really had to go to the supply room.

He was hurrying down the corridor when one of the elevator doors opened and he ran smack into Rick Prentice. The man stared down at him, his chocolate-brown eyes wide with pleasure. "About fucking time," he muttered, grabbing Jesse's arm and pulling him roughly back up the hall.

"Wh-what are you doing?" Jesse muttered, his heart pounding.

Rick didn't answer him. Jerking a door open he then shoved Jesse into what looked like a janitor closet, locked the door behind them and attacked Jesse, slamming him up against a wall of metal shelves. His luscious mouth assaulted Jesse's roughly, Rick's tongue invading his mouth, his teeth biting and sucking Jesse's lips. The man was eating him alive, and Jesse was so weak with excitement his knees were buckling. Rick grabbed him around the waist. One hand dug into his ass and lifted Jesse off the floor while he continued to kiss him, groaning into Jesse's mouth.

That big, meaty cock grinding against Jesse had him so hard he was hurting. "You're going to make me come," he whimpered into Rick's greedy mouth.

"Good," Rick snarled, jerking down Jesse's zipper, pulling his trousers down over his lean hips. Rick fumbled with his own fly, releasing that prodigious club of his. He gathered Jesse's leaking prick against his thick, stiff cock and clutched them together. Capturing Jesse's mouth again, he kissed him deeply as he jacked them fast and hard.

"Oh, God, oh . . ." Jesse cried, arched against Rick's hard body, and came, shooting spunk over Rick's fist, their clothes. With a groan into Jesse's swollen mouth, Rick pumped them hard two more times, stiffened and shot, groaning with every robust spasm. Hot, wet heat soaked through Jesse's shirt.

Jesse was drained and light-headed. Holding Jesse against him, Rick pressed his lips into his crown of russet curls. "I don't have any time," he muttered, "but I had to see you." He brushed light kisses down Jesse's cheek, over his throat. "I'll be back in

three days. There's a roll of paper towels," he said, grabbing it off a shelf, ripping off some sheets and handing the roll to Jesse. He half-assed cleaned himself up, tucked in his shirt and zipped his fly. "Good thing your shirt's dark," he said, grinning. He opened the door, closed it behind him and disappeared.

Jesse stood there weak, disheveled and flabbergasted. *What the fuck! What was that?*

Three days, then four passed. Jesse went through his work in a haze. Friday's work day ended with Jesse feeling empty. He shut down his computer and grabbed his jacket. He had a friend waiting for him at home, a fifth of Jack Daniel's.

He was locking his car in front of his apartment when a black Beemer pulled up beside him and opened the door. "Get in," Rick said.

Dumbfounded, Jesse stared at him.

"Don't tell me you have any plans for the weekend."

"Uh . . . no."

"Good. I'd hate to have to kidnap you. Get in."

"But . . . I should get some clothes."

Rick laughed. "You won't need clothes, babe, and I have everything else you'll need." As Rick drove, he pulled a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to Jesse. It was his latest blood test. Clean. "I checked yours at work," he said.

"How did you . . .?"

"Connections," Rick said.

Rick's condo was plush – leather, chrome, deep carpet, a well-stocked kitchen.

Rick filled two wineglasses with Zinfandel. He looked pensive and this was not what Jesse had expected. "I need to talk to you," he said.

"Uh . . . OK."

"Jesse, I've had a lot of attractive men. But I had an ideal. I never found it until . . ."

"Brandon Price said . . ."

"Oh, you know."

"Yeah."

"I know what Price has been saying. He was a mistake generated by too many vodka cocktails. My sexual appetites are too . . . unsuitable for most people. Plus, I'm extremely particular in my tastes. Then one day I walked into HR and there you were – the ultimate sex toy. I had to have you."

Jesse could hardly believe what he was hearing. *Unsuitable? Ultimate sex toy? Jesus!* Rick's revelations had him on fire.

"How long? How long do you want me?"

"Babe. That will be up to you."

"You're kidding."

"No. Do you have a safe word?"

"Target."

"Target. Good."

Jesse downed his wine, set the glass back on the coaster. The power of Rick's gaze had him trembling. Appearing controlled, the man took Jesse's hand and led him into the bedroom, then turned Jesse to face him. Rick's hand caressed his cheek.

"God, you're perfect. So . . . sexual. You drive me mad. I want more than vanilla sex with you, Jesse. I want to play with you, explore you. Surrender yourself to me, baby. Trust me. I can make you feel so good." His hand tilted Jesse's chin back. Urging Jesse against the wall, he leaned down, his lips pressing softly on Jesse's, his tongue opening him, slipping inside. A guttural groan betrayed Rick's excitement. A flush of heat swelled in Jesse's groin, his cock filling. Hard and needy, Jesse crawled up Rick's thighs, his slender legs locking around him. Grabbing Jesse's ass, Rick shuddered and ground Jesse's hardness against his bulging cock.

"Oh, fuck!" Rick growled. "You little minx, I could eat you alive." He carried his clinging charge to the bed and dropped him on his back, then fell on him, hands unbuttoning, unzipping, and tugging at Jesse's clothing. Stark naked, Jesse was flushed and panting, his throbbing cock rigidly erect.

"So beautiful," Rick murmured, running a hand over Jesse's smooth chest, his finely defined abs. The hand encircled Jesse's stiff cock. "Slender, graceful . . . so perfect," he whispered. "I want to cuff you."

Needy and wanton, Jesse wasn't sure if he heard him right. "Wh-what?"

Leaning over the side of the bed, Rick slid out a bed-frame drawer and brought up two velvet cuffs. "Please . . . let me cuff you, baby." His voice was hoarse, and cracked with arousal. "I swear that your safe word, target, will be law. I would never harm you."

Jesse gazed at the cuffs. That same kind had been used on him before. He had learned how to get out of them if he had to, though it wasn't easy. "Promise?" His intense, emerald eyes gazed into Rick's.

"I swear to you."

"OK," Jesse whispered.

When Rick cuffed Jesse's wrists to the rungs of the head-board, his hands were trembling, his dark eyes burning. He was still fully clothed.

"Could you please remove your clothes?" Jesse muttered. He felt so vulnerable spread out like this, naked.

"Yes," Rick assented, staring at Jesse as he stripped down. Jesse gasped. The man was gorgeous. Dropping between Jesse's thighs, he came down on him, taking Jesse's mouth in a deep, searching kiss. His fingers played over Jesse's nipples, tugging, twisting them, making them stiff. His mouth brushed down Jesse's throat, his collarbone, nibbling, licking, and captured a nipple between his teeth, biting down. Jesse cried out and Rick licked, easing the little sting. Then he was sucking – so hard it burned, sending delicious sensations to Jesse's aching cock, making him squirm. "Oh God, I need—" he moaned.

Rick chuckled, his mouth moving to the other nipple. "Not yet," he murmured, sucking, biting. Desperate, Jesse humped up, trying to rub against Rick, whimpering. Rick slid his thumb over the leaking little slit of Jesse's cockhead making Jesse groan. Rick's fingers teased the tender flesh beneath Jesse's balls, playing lightly over his hole. Jesse made a little sobbing sound, his wrists pulling against the cuffs. He wanted. God, he wanted! "Please," he whimpered.

Rick leaned down and took some things from the open drawer. Then one hand gripped Jesse's engorged cock and began to jack him slowly. Oh, Christ, that felt good. He was so close. As Jesse humped into Rick's hand, struggling for completion, a leather cock ring was abruptly wrapped around the base of Jessie's cock. "No," Jesse cried, humping hard. Goddamnit, he was on fire, so close. The look on Rick's

face was the hottest, most wanton, perverse . . . *Jesus!*

Rick caught Jesse's cockhead in his mouth, circling it with his tongue, and began to suck, sliding his lips up and down the shaft, his tongue flat against it as he sucked harder. Tossing beneath him, Jesse was sobbing, crying out, fucking Rick's mouth frantically, unable to come. "Rick, please . . . fuck me. Please!"

Rick's mouth left Jesse's suffering prick. "Oh, I'm going to fuck you through the mattress, little man. But not yet." His voice was a guttural croak, and Jesse could feel the hot, bulging monster cock rubbing against his leg. He greased down a moderate-sized plug and then pushed one of Jesse's knees up, opening him. Staring wide-eyed at Jesse's sweet hole, he pushed the slick plug into him, breathing hard as the plug sank in deep. His hand held Jesse's tight balls up, as he pushed the plug deeper, circling it, sliding it in and out, in deep and out, making growling animal sounds of wanton pleasure. Jesse was downright weeping. If he didn't come soon he was going to die!

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Rick growled, sliding the plug out. Roughly landing between Jesse's thighs, he slid his big hands under Jesse's ass and pulled him up, his huge, big-veined cock greased and wanting. *Oh, thank God!* The rosy head slid down to its mark and Rick pushed hard into the glistening little hole, the head popping in. Jesse humped up to him and Rick wrenched Jesse's hips into him, the great cock breaching that little ring of muscle. Jesse cried out, and Rick pushed harder, burying his engorged cock deep, growling with a mindless bliss.

The pain quickly subsided as Rick began fucking him with a deep, slow rhythm. Oh, sweet Jesus, it was good. He could almost come, even with the cock ring, if he could just jack his cock. "Rick, touch me, please!" he pleaded.

Rick encircled his leather-ringed cock and, with an almost wicked smile, he began jacking him to the rhythm of his thrusts. Oh, God, Jesse's body was struggling for completion and it was so close. The violent intensity of his arousal was an agonizing pleasure, and he couldn't stop struggling to come. Rick fucked him on and on with a look of sheer ecstasy. Holy shit, he'd never had a fuck like this in his life. The intensity was excruciating bliss. "Please, Rick, let me come. Goddamnit!" Jesse was thrusting up to that rock-hard club, pushing his aching cock through Rick's jacking fist, pleading . . .

Rick pumped faster, thrusting into him deep, his eyes locked into Jesse's. He was jacking Jesse's cock faster, and Jesse was sobbing. Suddenly, Rick slammed into him and arched. With a deep groan, he shuddered, his hand jerking the cock ring off. Jesse felt heat filling him. He bucked hard and screamed as fiery gushes of wet heat sprayed out over Rick's fist.

Jesse went limp, black dots swimming before his eyes. Easing down on Jesse, Rick loosed his cuffs and buried his face in Jesse's neck. Jesse could feel the man's heart pounding against his chest.

After a long time, he brushed his mouth against Jesse's ear. "Can you handle it?" he whispered.

"Handle what?" Jesse asked.

"Being my ultimate sex toy."

"If you don't fuck us both to death," Jesse snickered.

"I can't guarantee that."

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